A lamentable Ditty composed vpon the Death of *Robert* Lord *Dewereux*, late Earle of *Essex*, who was beheaded in the Tower of London, on *Ashwenesday* in the morning, 1600. To the tune of *Welladay*

152.

SWeet Englands pride is gone,
welladay, welladay,
Which makes her sigh and grone
euermore still:
He did her fame aduance,
in Ireland Spaine, and France,
And now by dismall chance,
is from vs tane.

He was a vertuous Peere,
welladay, welladay,
And was esteemed deare,
euermore still:
He alwayes helpt the poore.
which makes them sigh ful sore
His death they doe deplore,
in euery place.

Braue honour grac'd him still.
gallantly, gallantly,
Heuere did dread of ill,
well it is knowne,
But Enuy that foule fiend,
whose malice neere did end,
Hath brought true vertues friend
vnto his thrall.

At Tilt he did surpasse,
gallantly gallantly,
All men that is and was
euermore still:
One day as it was seene,
in honour of our Queene,
Such deeds hath neere bin seene,
as he did doe.

Abroad and eke at home,
gallantly, gallantly,
For valour there was none,
like him before.
In Ireland, France, and Spaine,
they fear'd great Essex name,
And England lou'd the same,
in euery place.

But all would not preuaile,
welladay, welladay,
His deeds did not auaile,
more was the pitty:
He was condem'd to die,
for treason certainly,
But God that sits on high,
knoweth all things.

That Sunday in the morne,
welladay, welladay,
That he to the Citie came,
with all his troupe:
That first began the strife,
and caus'd him lose his life,
And others did the like,
as well as he,

Yet her Princely Maiesty,
graciously, graciously,
Hath pardon giuen free,
to many of them:
She hath releas'd them quite,
and giuen them their right,
They may pray day and night,
God to defend her.

Shrouesunday in the night,
welladay welladay,
With a heauy hearted spright.
as it is said:
The Lieutenant of the Tower,
who kept him in his power
At ten a Cloke that houre,
to him did come.

And said vnto him there
mournefully, mournefully,
My Lord you must prepare,
to dye to morrow.
Gods will be done quoth he,
yet shall you strangely see,
God strong in me to be,
though I am weake.

I pray you pray for me,
welladay, welladay,
That God may strengthen me,
against that houre:
Then straightway he did call
to the Guard vnder the wall
And did intreat them all
for him to pray.

For to morrow is the day,
welladay, welladay,
That I the dept must pay,
which I doe owe:
It is my life I meane,
which I must pay my Queene
Euen so hath Iustice giuen,
that I must dye.

In the morning was he brought
welladay, welladay,
Where a Scaffold was set vp
within the Tower:
Many Lords were present then,
with other Gentlemen,
Which were appointed then,
to see him die,

You Noble Lords quoth he,
welladay, welladay.
That must the witnesse be,
of this my death:
Know I neuer lou'd Papistry,
but still did it detest,
And Essex thus will dye,
here in this place,

I haue a sinner beene,
welladay, welladay,
Yet neuer wrong'd my Queene,
in all my life:
My God I did offend,
which grieues me at my end,
May all the rest amend,
I doe forgiue them.

To the State I neere ment ill,
welladay, welladay,
Neither with the Commons ill,
in all my life:
But lou'd all with my heart,
and alwayes tooke their part,
Whereas there was desart,
in any place

Then mildly did he crane,
mournefully, mournefully,
He might that fauour haue,
priuate to pray:
He then praid heartily,
and with great feruency,
To God that sits on hie,
for to receiue him.

And then he praid againe,
mournfully, mournefully,
God to preserue his Queene
from all her foes:
And send her long to raigne,
true Iustice to maintaine,
And not to let proud Spaine.
once to offend her.

His Gowne he slipt off then
welladay, welladay,
And put off his hat and band,
and hung them by:
Praying still continually,
to God that sits on hie,
That he might patiently,
there suffer death.

My headsman that must be,
then said he chearefully,
Let him come here to me,
that I may him see,
Who kneeled to him then,
art thou (quoth he) the man,
Which art appointed now,
my life to end.

Yes my Lord did he say,
welladay, welladay,
Forgiue me, I you pray,
for this your death,
I here doe you forgiue,
and may true Iustice liue,
No foule crime to forgiue,
within their place.

Then he kneeled downe againe,
mournfully, mournfully,
And was required by some
there standing by
To forgiue his enemies,
before death close his eyes,
Which he did in hearty wise,
thanking them for it.

That they would remember him
welladay, welladay,
That he might forgiue all them
that had him wrong'd,
Now my Lords I take my leaue,
sweet Christ my soule receiue,
Now when you will prepare,
for I am ready.

He laid his head on the blocke
welladay, welladay,
But his Doublet let the stroake,
some there did say;
What must be done quoth he,
shall be done presently,
Then his doublet off put he,
and lay downe againe.

Then his headsman did his part
cruelly, cruelly,
He was neuer seene to start,
for all the blowes:
His soule it is at rest.
in heauen amongst the blest,
Where God send vs to rest,
when it shall please him.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Cuthbert Wright* and are to be sold at his shop in little *Saint Bartholmewes* close to the Lame-Hospitall.

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